Week ending November 4 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

WORLD DOCTOR NUMBER ONE

See page 7

FRONT LINE WAR OF WORDS

See centre pages

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and beauty too

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MF FOOD FACTS

Now that all your carefully saved sugar has been turned into jam, you will want to think up more ways of saving sugar for Christmas cakes and sweets. Here are some practical tips for stretching the sugar ration.

Stretch it with SACCHARIN

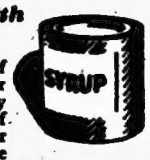
In the quantities in which it is used for sweetening foods and drinks, saccharin is completely harmless. As a sweetener 3 to 4 standard tablets are equal to 1 oz. sugar. Saccharin should always be added to a sweet after it has been boiled, otherwise it turns bitter. Perhaps one of the best ways of using saccharin is to powder the tablets and use it to fortify the sugar.

To fortify sugar with saccharin. Take about 30 tablets, then crush them with a rolling-pin and add the powder to ½ lb. sugar, mixing very thoroughly. This mixture then equals a pound of sugar in its sweetening power. Bottle it and label the bottle "*Fortified Sugar.*" With this you can sweeten tea, coffee, puddings, custards, stewed fruit, etc., always remembering that you need only half the usual amount of sugar. For instance, if you usually add a teaspoonful of sugar to your cup of coffee, you will only need half a teaspoonful of the fortified sugar.

Stretch it with JAM *and* MARMALADE

Jam and marmalade can be added to cakes, puddings and biscuits in place of sugar. This not only saves sugar but gives a new and delicious flavour, and in marmalade, makes up for the absence of candied peel.

Stretch it with SYRUP



Allow 6 oz. of syrup, treacle or honey for every 4 oz. of sugar. If used in cakes or puddings reduce the amount of liquid by 2 tablespoons for every 6 oz. of syrup used.

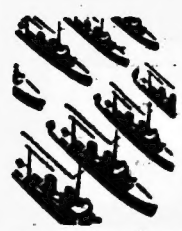
SWEET FILLING FOR TARTS

Ingredients: 3 saccharin tablets, ¼ gill of milk; 1 reconstituted dried egg; 3 oz. breadcrumbs; 4 level teaspoons cocoa, a few drops vanilla. *Method:* Dissolve saccharin in the milk. Beat the reconstituted egg with the sweetened milk. Pour over the breadcrumbs mixed with the cocoa. Beat well in a pan over the heat for a minute or two. Add vanilla. Cool and pour into a deep plate, previously lined with pastry. Cover with a pastry lid and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 225

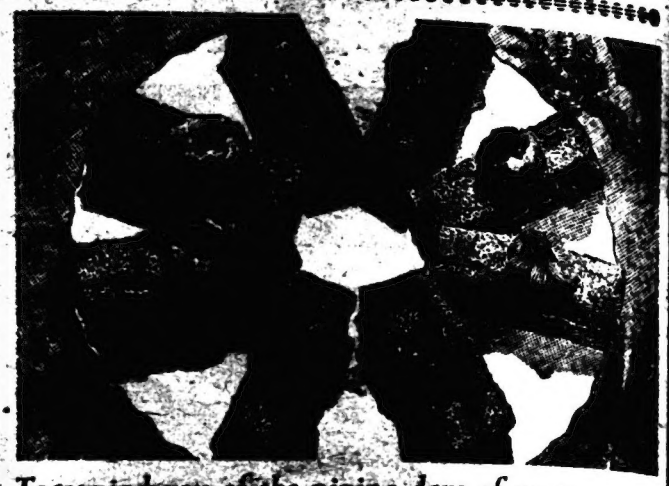
Destroyers in flotillas— and kitchens in plenty!



The naval architects of today, the house architects of tomorrow, depend on the able organisation of technical skill, on brilliant design, on skilled man-power and woman-power — and, of course, on the large-scale use of *Electricity*.

In your post-war home Electricity will be your servant. Particularly in the kitchen, the more you use Electricity the better you will be served—the less you'll have to labour.

Till Electricity can be switched to peace—switch off whenever and whatever you can.



To remind you of the piping days of peace— these delicious

ALMOND CHOCOLATE FINGERS

THESE almond chocolate fingers have all the mouth-watering deliciousness of the piping days of peace! And they're easy to make. Better still, they're easy on your fat ration!

INGREDIENTS: 3 oz. self-raising flour, 3 oz. sugar, 4 level tablespoonfuls dried egg, 1 dessertspoonful Rowntree's Cocoa, 8 to 10 tablespoonfuls warm water.

METHOD: Line a swiss-roll tin with greased paper. Mix the eggs (dry) with the sugar and add the warm water. Beat for 5 minutes. Mix flour and Rowntree's Cocoa together and fold into the mixture. Bake in a fairly hot oven for about 10 minutes. Turn out, spread quickly with warm jam and a thin layer of almond icing. Fold back on itself and cut into fingers. Decorate with almond icing or serve plain.

For the almond icing, melt 1 oz. margarine and add 3 oz. sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls water and 1 teaspoonful almond essence. Stir over a low heat for 1 min. Add 3 oz. soya flour and knead all together.

IMPORTANT: So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. Besides, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it *your* family's meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

Only the finest ingredients are good enough for MARS..
CHOCOLATE... to Sustain
GLUCOSE... to Energise
MILK... to Nourish
Mars
ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.
Mars

Good cooks choose SCOTTISH OATS

SCOTLAND is as famous for oats as France is for Champagne. So if you want the best breakfast oats you must buy from Scotland. If you need proof of this—taste and see. Scott's—the pick of the Scottish crop—like Champagne, are hard to get just now. But when present restrictions are lifted there will be enough Scott's Porage Oats for everyone. No doubt you already have a long post-war shopping list. Put "Scottish Porage Oats for breakfast—Scott's" at the top.

Scott's *porage* **Oats**

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

ovember 4 1944 JOHN BULL Volume 76 Number 2003 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

HOME-FRONT HEROES NEED A BREAK

BARELY A MONTH AGO Mr. Bevin told us that a moment would come when the British people ould think, "We have paid our rice and we are entitled to a little t-up now."

But should the Government wait r that moment? We think not. brave and self-sacrificing people serve to have something done for em without having to ask for it.

We think the time has come to olish any restriction upon perinal liberty and convenience, hich is no longer essential to the r effort.

There are signs that the Government cognises this, too, and no one wishes belittle the obvious difficulties in path.

There has been talk of restoring e basic petrol ration.

There has been a promise of some all Christmas concession to conmers—one week's increased meat tion. More margarine. More eets for the children. A little re tea for the old folk.

The Board of Trade is to conder plans by the clothing industry r the removal of austerity rerictions on women's clothing.

The quota for toys is to be trebled too late for this season, according trade experts.

And there is the "dim-out."

Of course, we will all be grateful r these crumbs. But they are no re than crumbs.

UR DESIRES as a people are well known.

We want to see the end of all irkme restrictions.

We would like to see the Fire ard muddle cleaned up.

We would like improved transport ilities to make the daily journey and from work less harassing.

We would like better and safer eet lighting.

We would like more plentiful and ter quality clothing for women d children, particularly in such entials as corsets and shoes.

Naturally, we cannot have everyng.

f the public is asked to put up with terity a little longer it will prove unch enough. But it would like its bts removed.

Only the Government is in a posin to know what is possible.

t should work out a system of orities, deciding how much *can* given and in what order the cessions can be made.

t would be a grand tonic to help through this sixth war winter.

The Editor

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

DANGER ZONES TO PEACE

Europe's problem countries—The late Archbishop of Canterbury and his critics—A way to solve the housing problem—Mr. Hore-Belisha and the widows—Labour and elections

UNDERNEATH THE WAR NEWS, which remains good, are the danger spots for the future. They occur in problems and places which the newspapers largely avoid, and which the diplomats only talk about among themselves.

Unfortunately, they are many. The chief, of course, is Spain. If some of the Old Guard had their way, this unhappy country would be a forbidden subject for public comment.

Spain is a sore on the face of Europe.

It is no good smashing Fascism and continuing to raise our national hat to the "Christian gentleman" who overthrew the legitimate government of his own country by the aid of German planes and Moorish mercenaries. And who has remained pro-Nazi ever since.

However, there are signs that the people of Spain will themselves soon work out Franco's own damnation. He is now the most closely guarded gangster since Al Capone, not excluding Hitler.

Another danger spot is Poland. It is apparent that the recent Moscow talks failed to find a solution to the impasse between the Soviet and the Polish interests in London.

On all other subjects, it seems, the Moscow Talks were very successful.

A King for Greece?

Next in the list of post-war problem places is Greece. The King has said that he will not seek to return to the throne without a plebescite.

It is doubtful if the Greeks want a monarch. It is more likely they want food.

The Greek air may be cleared following Mr. Eden's visit to Athens.

Meanwhile, Mr. Churchill has made the British position plain. Britain, until the Greeks decide later on for themselves, supports the King and his government.

That Government has been strongly criticised in some circles in London, but the Prime Minister's solution may be the best temporary measure in a tricky position.

When eventually the plebiscite is held the Greeks can show that they still have a word for it.

Intrigues in Yugoslavia

THE YUGOSLAVIAN TANGLE has ceased to be news. Marshal Tito has delivered the goods in the military sense, and is therefore accepted as a good boy.

But the last has not been heard of Mihailovitch and his gang. As it becomes evident that the people of the Balkans are determined to sweep away the old feudalism, so more influential diehards will intrigue for men of his sort.

Right Wing Campaign

France is another of the problem countries. General de Gaulle's government has at last received belated recognition—the delay was not due to British or Soviet wishes.

But France, with her traditional good sense, can be depended upon to work out her own difficulties.

She is not being helped by the Right Wing campaign, now in full swing in this country. These people suggest that she is being overrun by irresponsible "Reds."

The B.B.C. has dismissed such reports contemptuously.

Mrs. Hore-Belisha nursed British soldiers in German Stalags

A Man of the People

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Dr. William Temple, who died so suddenly last week, was the outstanding example of all that is best in the modern Church.

Himself the son of an Archbishop, he was, in the finest sense of the words, a man of the people.

As a clear thinker and a fearless critic, he had his enemies. He was bitterly attacked by the Blimps, particularly when he advocated sweeping social reforms.

The Church, his detractors used to chorus, should not concern itself with politics.

That is about as stupid as saying that a good cook should not concern himself with food.

Would-be Wrecker

One of the late Archbishop's chief critics was Sir Waldron Smithers, the Tory M.P. for Chislehurst. He is now busy trying to wreck the Government's Social Security scheme.

Sir Waldron is not so much a man as a museum piece. He is the perfect specimen of his type.

He once wrote a silly song praising Stanley Baldwin. He was one of Chamberlain's most sycophantic Munichcers.

He has never failed to conform to type. Once, discussing the Beveridge scheme, which, naturally, he did not like, he brayed:

"People like the Archbishop of Canterbury, who are raising the people's hopes, are doing evil things."

Sir Waldron apparently does not believe in social security.

He is a member of the London Stock Exchange.

JB insurance

"John Bull" offers free Insurance against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS and BOMBARDMENT, as well as COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS covering loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Particulars obtainable from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Damaged Homes

IT IS NOW ADMITTED that there is no chance of finishing the repairs to London's 800,000 damaged houses before the Spring. The same applies to most other damaged areas.

There have been bottlenecks and acute difficulties. There have been complaints that workmen have been asked to repair inessential buildings instead of houses

Supplies have been short, labour has been shorter. Transport has been badly organised.

These are some of the criticisms. They add up to one thing. The problem was allowed to drift for too long. By the time it was officially taken in hand it had drifted too far.

As a result, there is wholesale overcrowding and bad conditions. It is not a good start for the winter.

Problem can be Solved

To-day the need for new houses is not even secondary to the need for aircraft. There was no such word as "impossible" when we were building our first four-engined bombers back in the early years of the war.

There should be no such word applied to houses now.

Only recently the country had a brilliant example of how industry could solve vital problems, given the right orders from above.

A team of experts headed by such men as Jack W. Gibson, Director of Civil Engineering to the Ministry of Supply, produced the prefabricated harbours which were the basis of the invasion of France.

Many of them worked day and night solving the impossible. They succeeded brilliantly.

I suggest that this team of engineers and contractors should be turned over officially to the production of prefabricated houses.

That is the way to solve problems of this sort.

Political Scrapping

THE WAY *not* to solve them is by the political scrapping which disfigured the last days of the Town and Country Planning Bill.

Led by Mr. Hore-Belisha, "working his passage home," as one critic put it, a section of the Tories tried hard to obtain better terms for property owners at the expense of planned rebuilding.

They failed. But the Bill is very much a compromise.

The diehards talked long and passion-

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

ately about the widows who would get less than their due.

They did not point out that the real trouble behind this vexatious Bill has been the line of demarcation between property, in the form of buildings and property, in the form of land.

Meanwhile, the Bill has added to the problem of the future: it will not make it any easier for battered cities, like Plymouth, to be rebuilt intelligently.

On the contrary, it has made confusion worse confounded.

These are subtle problems. Mr. Hore-Belisha only skimmed the surface of them.

Looking for a Party

BUT MR. HORE-BELISHA is very busy. Once a Liberal, now an Independent, he is badly in need of a Party.

He is one of fifteen Independent Members. Nearly all of them are looking anxiously for a Party umbrella now it is obvious that there will be a General Election by Spring at the latest.

What will happen to him? He is intelligent, he is witty, he has poise. For years he was one of Westminster's most popular bachelors.

Then he married Cynthia Elliot, who has spent most of the war in the German Stalags, nursing British prisoners. She was repatriated nearly a year ago.

I predict that he would be very glad to join the Conservatives, to whose extreme Right Wing he appears to belong. I also predict that they would be very glad to receive him.

He would be a useful addition to their ranks in the most improbable event of Devonport re-electing him.

Good Soldiers, Bad M.P.s

INDEPENDENTS ARE NOT the only people concerned with General Election plans at the moment. The Conservative Central Office has been lining-up candidates for some time.

Many of them are young soldiers and airmen with decorations and brilliant war records.

If the Tories have their way the lobbies of the future will be loud with the clank of medals.

They must be careful. History shows that warriors seldom make good Members of Parliament.

The classic example of this failure is the Duke of Wellington, who was one of Britain's greatest soldiers.

He became one of its worst Prime Ministers.

500 Labour Candidates

What sort of candidates does the Labour Party intend to launch against this big parade? I talked it over with the leading agents at Transport House, and was told that the Party is prepared to launch at least 500 candidates.

These newcomers will have the effect of killing a Tory gibe. Most of them will be young men. No longer will the diehards be able to say that Labour fills its benches with trades union pensioners.

Page 9 of the file of Labour candidates is typical. It contains the names of nine men. Three are under thirty, four are under forty, one of the others is forty-two. The last man is fifty-three.

I understand that at least twenty of the present Socialist M.P.s will retire before the Election.

Beveridge Helper

Typical additions to the Labour list, which have been made in the last week or two, include J. H. Wilson, an Oxford Don, who has a senior position in the temporary Civil Service.

He was one of Sir William Beveridge's collaborators on the famous Report. He is twenty-eight years old.

The seat he will contest, Ormskirk, is now held by Independent Stephen King-Hall.

Another candidate will be Captain Raymond Blackburn, who is twenty-nine, a solicitor and a law tutor.

Thousands of men in the Forces know him for his booklet, "The Soldier's Guide to his Rights and Duties."

The youngest candidate will be Captain D. W. Healey, who was President of the Oxford Union Labour Club. He is only twenty-six.

Absentee M.P.s

WHAT WILL HAPPEN if these enthusiastic newcomers are returned to Parliament? Many things. First, there would be less boredom and indifference in the lobbies.

In Westminster they talk about the absentee miners. They ought to start talking about the absentee M.P.s. Attendance figures are getting steadily worse.

Secondly, there would be less of the namby-pamby type of legislation, of which the War Marriage Bill is a sad example.

Marriage to Foreign Servicemen

THIS MEASURE PROTECTS women who marry foreign servicemen during the war.

It allows them to get a divorce, if they wish, through a British court. Normally in English law a woman automatically assumes her husband's domicile on marriage.

Suppose she marries, say, a Greek, and he goes home and deserts her. Now she cannot take action against him here because her domicile is assumed to have followed her husband's—to Greece.

This is cruel and senseless, and it is proper that a Bill should be introduced to put it right.

Why the Restrictions?

But why all the qualifications and restrictions? Instead of making this minor adaptation, it would have been better to amend the original law, so that women are no longer at a legal disadvantage generally.

No one wants to encourage any weakening of family ties. But the divorce laws of this country are still pegged to the Dark Ages.

Tea and T.B.

THERE ARE TIMES when the ways of bureaucrats are particularly bewildering. How many people noticed the contrast between the recent handling of tea and T.B.?

With considerable good sense, the Ministry of Food announced an extra tea ration for old people.

On the same day Mr. Willink, who is said to be a kindly fellow himself, assured a Member that the Ministry of Health could not change its policy about pensions for victims of tuberculosis.

Under this disgraceful scheme, a man may receive a weekly grant while there is a chance of his recovering.

As soon as an X-ray reveals that he is failing, the pension is stopped.

Even the Ministry of Pensions never thought of that.

Argument

SHOULD WE KEEP OUR VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS?

Public Health is in the melting-pot. Will the voluntary hospitals survive?

for

1. The voluntary hospitals have behind them centuries of tradition.
2. The public, by generous subscriptions, show their confidence in them.
3. The leading doctors in the country give their services free to the voluntary hospitals, considering it an honour to be appointed to the staffs.
4. Doctors thus appointed are free from State interference, and have only their patients' interests to consider.
5. The student, when he becomes a doctor, can send his patients to his old professor, whose skill he knows—the rich patients to the Harley Street consulting-room, the poor patients to the voluntary hospital, and be certain that all will receive equal care.
6. To charge patients according to income, which is voluntary hospital practice, is better than free services, which demoralise the nation.
7. The Hospital Saving Association promotes thrift and forethought and places security in illness within the reach of all.
8. The greatest names in the land are associated with the voluntary hospital system, proof that it embodies the British way of life.

against

1. The health of the nation is too important to depend on collections by students dressed as nigger-minstrels.
2. How can a hospital give efficient service and plan ahead when it doesn't know what next year's income will be?
3. The increasing desperation of their campaigns for public support suggests that public appreciation of the voluntary hospitals is flagging.
4. To have hospitals competing one with another for subscriptions and gifts is absurdly wasteful; and, besides, the best campaign gets the money, not the best hospital.
5. The taint of charity pervades the whole voluntary hospital system, and is increasingly repugnant to the spirit of our times.
6. Poor patients are kept waiting unnecessarily (they're lucky to be treated at all!) and are used as material for students without proper regard for human dignity.
7. It is unwise for the public to contribute huge sums to institutions which it does not control.
8. Some doctors join voluntary hospitals for professional advancement; there are quite a few plums to be picked up of which the public knows nothing.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

PLANS ARE WELL ahead for manu facturing the new post-war hous developed by the Association fo Cleaner Living. It will be con structed of dehydrated pengui feathers, which are said to be wind proof, waterproof, airtight, and im pervious to termites.

The kitchen measures 20 ft. by 30 and is made entirely of stainless ste and glass. It has hot and cold wate refrigerator, vitaminiser, mechanic washer-upper, sun lamp, ultra-viol rays, ozonizer, and an electric nutme grater. When it was pointed out th the living-room measures only 6 ft. b 4 ft., an official of the Association sai "Of course, these houses are not mea to be lived in."

Twenty thousand are to be built wit in the next three months.

Brace-up, Boys

I AM ABLE TO ANNOUNCE exclusively th powerful international groups a working in strict secrecy to establi a dangerous cartel to corner men braces.

"Spheres of influence" are bei planned in both hemispheres. This v monopoly will hold a power staggering immensity. An importa member of the cartel is reported to ha whispered behind his hand to another "Trouser control will control the world

Leading firms in four countries ha already been named in the vast plot. Britain they include the Hold-'em-u Brace Company of Nether Wallop: America, Consolidated Suspenders. In in France, the firm of Pantalons. San culottes et Cie.; in Germany, the gre Untergarmenthochgesellschaft.

Secret agents are also reported to negotiating with the Japanese brac firm of Loopi Loopi String.

Soul's Awakening

A MR. BERNARD DUFFY claims that has discovered the weight of th human soul. It is about 2 oz.

This will come as a great shock to those people who thought that the gre big, beautiful soul of Sir Berkel Bluster, Minister of Obstructio weighed tons and tons and tons.

Moments in Parliament

THE GOVERNMENT has been asking to search houses and tool sheds old sacks and to send them to a s dealer.

Uninformed circles state that a pho graph about this attracted the attenti of an M.P. who was reading the even paper while the Member for Wormwo was speaking. He looked up from h paper and said loudly, "I suggest th the Hon. Member reserves one sack put his head in." (*Confusion.*)

MR. SPEAKER: "Is there a sack dea in the House?"

ANOTHER MEMBER: "Give him th sack."

One of the stronger Members th grabbed the woolsack, sprinted acr the floor with shouts of "Any old ba and scored a try under the feet of sleeping Front Bencher.

WHAT *CAN* WE DO WITH GERMANY?

Only a just peace which will stand the test of time and be as defensible twenty years hence as it is in the mood of to-day will ensure the freedom of the world from future wars

by A. G. GARDINER

PUT THE QUESTION in this form as the more practical approach to the problem. "What *shall* we do with Germany?" envelops the e in a cloud of controversy in which moral, itical, spiritual and economic motives are founded and no clear answer emerges.

"What *can* we do with Germany?" strips issue of controversy. It asks simply how can do what we are all agreed must be e.

By "all agreed" I refer not to British nion only. We are apt to discuss this tter as though we alone are concerned. We not.

Russia, America, France, Belgium, Greece, the nations are equally concerned. Each roaches the problem from its own angle. h will have its share in the final solution.

But we are all agreed on certain fundatals. We want a peace that is irrevocable. another 20-year peace. Not an uneasy rlude between World War 2 and World 3. But a watertight, ironclad peace.

To secure that irrevocable peace, the at of the enemy of peace must be irrevoc- too.

We failed last time to make the defeat vocable, partly because we were deceived he cunning of Germany, partly because ell out among ourselves.

When the war was won, we thought nal peace had set in, and we dedicated istice Day as its everlasting memorial.

IT HAS BECOME the memorial of the orld's tragedy, engulfed by seas of blood. hat tragedy is not to be repeated, no sure necessary to prevent its recurrence t be neglected.

We know that Germany, aware that this is lost, is secretly laying its plans for t Hitler calls "this unavoidable fresh est for the leadership of the world."

It is for the purpose of preserving the nework of the Army for the next war that officer class have been secretly advised to themselves in emergency, even by desertheir troops. "Every member of the ed Forces must know that it is absolutely ssary to save the officer corps for the nstruction of the Fatherland."

That was what was done after the last

This time there must be no mistake. defeat must be ruthless and unequivocal. General Eisenhower's plans for the occuon of Germany strike the right note. Every trace of Nazism will be wiped out. War criminals will be seized and tried and punished—not by Hitler's nominees, but by the ordinary apparatus of justice.

Guerilla activities and subversive conduct will be visited with death, but for the law-abiding public there will be the priceless gift of deliverance from the fangs of the Gestapo.

These are the immediate penalties of occupation, and it will be interesting to see how Germany reacts to them.

But when the armies of Britain, Russia and America have assembled in Berlin and the permanent terms of peace take shape, the knife will cut deeper into the cancer of Germany.

No trace of Prussian militarism must be left uneradicated. No officers' corps must survive. No shadow army must be left. No industry that can secretly subserve the plans of the plotters must be permitted to function.

No consideration must block the way to effecting the complete impotence of Germany to wage aggressive war again.

If the dismemberment of Germany is necessary, as Mr. Sumner Welles insists, then dismemberment there must be, though I would rather it should come voluntarily from within Germany than forcibly from without. It may well do so if we act wisely.

It should be a cardinal object of the peace to reverse Hitler's scheme for making Germany mistress of Europe and the world.

That scheme was to concentrate all the heavy and key industries in German hands, and to reduce the rest of Europe to helpless serfdom.

WE DO NOT want to enslave Germany, but never again must she be able to scheme to make herself the sole power-house of Europe.

These things *can* be done with Germany on one condition. That is, that the United Nations, under the leadership of the Big Three, hold fast together, until Germany realises that her defeat is irrevocable, and has learned the wisdom of a new way of life.

For evil though her record is, I cannot believe that any race is congenitally and incurably wicked.

This brings me to my second point. The defeat of Germany must be irrevocable, but the peace imposed on her must be just. Just, that is, not in the eyes of Germany to-day,

Reichminister Heinrich Himmler—leader of the Thugs

but in the eyes of the world ten years, twenty years hence. If it is not just, then the seeds of disintegration will be sown.

The world will not stand by an unjust peace ten years, twenty years hence.

THE EVIL SPIRIT of Germany will revive and prey, as it did between 1919 and 1939, upon the discords of Europe. And in World War 3 she may avoid the blunders that upset her applecart in World War 2.

In saying this I am not pleading for a "soft" peace. Nor am I suggesting that the German nation is free from complicity in this terrific crime.

It is not Hitler who has made the Germany of to-day. It is Germany who has made Hitler. He is in the straight line of descent from Frederick the Great.

I am for a severe peace. I am entirely in sympathy with the overwhelming vote of the Trades Union Congress implicating the German people and demanding that they shall undo, as far as can be undone, all the monstrous wrongs they have inflicted on mankind.

They should pay to the uttermost farthing of their capacity. If it can be done without disadvantage to the interests of Europe, I should rejoice to see the Thugs who have blasted Europe condemned to spend the rest of their lives in restoring what they have destroyed.

This will be the natural feeling of the Continental peoples who have experienced the brutalities and bestialities of the Germans, as we happily have not done. And we must take care that we do not allow what Sir Walter Citrine called our "mushy sentimentality" to create distrust among our afflicted Allies.

But a stern peace does not imply an unjust peace. Severity should be the condition of a peace whose justice will stand the test of time and will be as defensible twenty years hence as it is in the mood of to-day.

For it is the future of the world and the peace of our posterity that are in the balance, and only a settlement at once just and stern will crown this victorious war with a victorious and enduring peace.

Nazi Youth parade in 1938, glorifying war and conquest for these children of the Third Reich

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. John G. Winant,

U.S. Ambassador to Britain

DEAR MR. WINANT,—You are our very good friend. When you speak, you do so not only in the name of common-sense, but also in the name of unknown men whose better welfare you are ever active in promoting.

You are also a true friend of Democracy, that vague term which is often distorted out of its real meaning. When you declare, as you did in a recent speech, that "the weakness of Democracy is due to the fact that we have not enough of it," your words command attention

Yet, somewhat diffidently, I suggest that the fault in pre-war Europe was not a lack of Democracy but a failure to interpret its meaning and a marked absence of desire to serve in Democracy's name.

Hitler knew the weaknesses of European democracies. He studied the internal dissensions in France, the corruption in high places, the constant manœuvring for political power, and the incessant pursuit of wealth.

The Germans exploited fully the selfish weaknesses, not of Democracy, but of the people who prostituted it. Only one Democracy, Britain, stopped him in the end. And that was because Britain fulfilled the first obligation of its principles—"All for one, one for all"

To-day, the democratic nations of the Continent are already seething with political and economic dissension. People are angling for power and prestige.

All this does Democracy harm. If ever a lesson should have been learned in the past five years it should have been clear from the way Britain resolved itself implacably into a bulwark against Hitlerism.

We want in the world to-day more Democracy, but it must be sincere and of good intent. It must place the whole of a nation before a political faction. It must be prepared to serve as well as govern.

"Posterity," you warn, "will never forgive us if we pass by once again the opportunities to build a fuller and richer civilisation." I agree. The chance will not come our way again.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison,

Minister of Home Security

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Isn't it time your Department exercised some common-sense in matters of Civil Defence? At present, especially in London and a few other areas, there are thousands of men waiting for a solution to their problem.

Fire Guards in those areas are to continue on duty while full-time C.D. personnel is reduced by half. Why? Is there any sound argument to justify your action?

Your advisers know that Fire Guards are virtually unnecessary in the few flying bomb incidents now happening. Rescue squads and the National Fire Service are able adequately to cope with these incidents.

What about the continuance of the stupid regulation which sends Wardens out on Saturdays and Sundays to man posts in daylight? And those regulations which will not permit such unpaid Wardens to stay at home within easy reach of their posts during such periods of duty?

These are not small grievances. I can assure you that many of these Wardens, who have served the country so faithfully since before the war, are sick of the bureaucratic power which you have vested in the local and regional controllers.

Naturally, these petty officials want to retain that power. Naturally, they want to make pretty returns on paper to justify the existence of staffs no longer necessary. But naturally, too, long-suffering Fire Guards and voluntary Wardens want some relief from a wearisome burden they have borne so long. And their claim, I suggest, is a reasonable one, worthy of your reconsideration.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. Haley,

Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR MR. HALEY,—If, in your newspaper days, one of your staff could not have found a few bright, topical, readable articles out of 80,000 submitted, I don't think you'd have kept him for long Agreed?

Well, what about the people who select the questions for that Brains Trust of yours—that Joad-Campbell controlled pivot of intelligence around which revolve that far from catholic assembly of "guest artists"?

I read that the Brains Trust has a waiting list of 80,000 questions and that every week that number increases by 3,000.

Do you want me to believe that the recent questions debated by the B.B.C. "intelligentsia" are the pick of that huge mass of interrogation?

I'll ask a few questions.

Who does pick the questions? Who advises the selectors? Who finally approves their choice? And what principles, if any, guide the selection? And who is responsible for selecting the selectors?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. R. Hetherington,

Medical Officer of Harwich

DEAR DOCTOR,—It's no use, in my opinion, blaming on parents—and that means mothers—"widespread dietary deficiency," because of their reluctance to make children eat things they dislike.

There's too much discipline already at the dinner table. What's the good of standing over a child and compelling it, under threat of punishment, to force down some unwanted food?

We are told by other members of your profession that "a little of what you fancy does you good." There is neither reason nor logic in bringing pressure to bear on a child's diet—and you know how severely that diet has been curtailed by the requirements of war.

Give the children a chance. Let them make the best of a bad job. Spinach? Ugh!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

BREAK WITH IT!

TWO OF THE WORST sicknesses with which we can be afflicted are an undue veneration for the past and an unfounded fear of the future.

We are so apt, particularly in days like these, to look back and sigh for the "good old days." But were they so good?

If they were, how does it come about that the present is so evil? For the present with all its ills most certainly was born out of and was created by the past.

Maybe those good old days weren't so good after all. There is more than just a little cheap cynicism in that famous remark of Dumas: "Oh! the good times when we were so unhappy!"

We must learn to look at the past in the right way, revering it only when it proved itself to contain good, and ignoring it when it has demonstrably failed.

At best the past was never more than an experiment. Sometimes the experiment was a success. More often it was nothing but a misleading failure.

Make up your mind to break with the past. Say with Shakespeare: "What's past is prologue."

As for fearing the future—why, you're making the future now! What else is the future except the results of what you are doing to-day? Why fear the results of your own work?

The right attitude, the sensible attitude, the only rational attitude to take towards the future is to determine that what will come shall come, well, at least as far as we can ensure it.

Demobilisatio and the Churche

After the war the Chur plans to go to the peop

by W. E. PURCEL

THERE ARE WELCOME sig that the various Christi Churches here at home a actively planning how best th can welcome back returning Se vice people when the ti comes.

These efforts represent a big mo ment in the right direction. Th symbolise the Church going to people rather than waiting for people to go to the Church.

They may be the means of p venting this time one of the sadd was ages of the last war. Then th sands came back who, maybe out experiences gained in times of tr might have been glad to enlist God's service if they could h found a civilian Church awake their special needs.

Reports already issued by Church of England, by Nonc formist bodies, by the Church Scotland stress that one of greatest of these special needs simplicity of worship and messa In whatever guise religion has b encountered by Service people, it h of necessity, been simply present

The work of Service chaplai which was sometimes severely cr cised after the last war, has in t one received welcome praise. particular, the "Padre's Hou which have become familiar to m Army units—officially sanctio periods when chaplain and m can get together and talk thi over—have drawn a good respons

A lot has been done to bridge gap, in this way, between pulpit pew. To prevent that gap once ag growing so wide, Church authori have been noticing points about services which many have ap ciated in the Forces. These serv have been much shorter than customary at home. The hymns h been well known. There has bee real atmosphere of fellowship warmth.

How can these conditions be created in civilian life?

A Church of England report cently issued urges that Chu Councils should make contact their own areas, with relatives Service people, so that their Chu can learn when people come h and be able to give them a welco

CLERGYMEN SHOULD be encoura to co-operate with the Bri Legion, the Soldiers', Sail and Airmen's Families' A ciation, and similar organ tions, in helping the demobil to settle down into civilian They should be made to wanted in the work of the Chu and offered opportunity of ta part in its committees and coun

When the time comes a nat wide "Home Sunday" should arranged, when every church in land can join in thanksgiving fo many families reunited.

What once appeared religio alive to these men and women not again be allowed to seem The Churches are resolved that far as they are concerned, this not happen.

They will want those retur They will have a welcome for th and work for them to do. The will be up to the ex-Service themselves.

WORLD DOCTOR NUMBER ONE

The dread followers of war—famine and disease—threaten Europe as never before. One man, Dr. Wilbur Sawyer, has the gigantic task of guarding the health of millions and fighting epidemics which might wipe out a continent

by A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

FROM the bomb-pitted sands of Normandy to the empty vineyards on the sunny hills of Greece, from the thin earth of Sicily to the wind-swept plains of Poland, Europe to-day faces a crisis more critical than any in its long and bitter history.

For the peoples of Europe are fighting a war against starvation and pestilence, a war that is the aftermath of the tank battles and the dive-bombers.

It is a war in which millions of lives are at stake, and in which incalculable suffering would be the price of defeat. It has no parallel in the past, for the food shortage and the epidemics which followed the last war were as nothing compared with the situation that threatens now.

20,000,000 Homeless

Consider what has happened since 1939. Germany, with a systematic racial brutality unequalled in history, has herded not thousands, but millions, of people into concentration camps and put them to forced labour on inadequate food. Some experts have estimated that Europe already holds more than 20,000,000 homeless, forced across the Continent at the bidding of the German war machine, living sub-human lives in appalling conditions.

Then, too, Germany has done little or nothing to mend the devastation caused by her vandal armies. Vast areas of Europe, particularly Poland and the Balkans, which she has occupied for so long, are believed to be almost entirely without hospitals and medicine.

Furthermore, Germany has systematically looted the granaries of the countries across which she has trampled. Occupied Europe, except in small specialised areas, has been acutely short of food ever since 1940.

That is the picture. All this means that when the war is won, an exhausted Europe will face a grave danger, not only of famine, but of disease.

This is a problem, not just for Europe itself, but for the United Nations, and there is in London an American doctor whose especial concern it is.

He is Dr. Wilbur August Sawyer, a bespectacled, serious looking man with a kindly smile. He is the doctor with the longest list of prospective patients the world has ever known.

Officially, he is Director of Health to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, popularly known as U.N.R.R.A., and he is chief of the men whose job it will be to bring Europe back to physical fitness.

Never before did a doctor face so enormous a task. The Germans realised long ago that there were more subtle ways of reducing the size of a country's population than by using a firing squad.

Liberating armies have already seen something of the problems which await the U.N.R.R.A. doctors; they have seen the swollen children in the roads of Greece, the food riots in Brussels, the pinched peasantry of large parts of France. They will find worse things still in Poland.

But Dr. Sawyer is a man who is used to such things. He has specialised in the treatment of epidemics for many years. He is used to prescribing, not for one patient, but for a whole community. He has fought disease in every continent.

For the past nine years he has been Director of the International Health Centre of the Rockefeller Foundation,

Dr. Wilbur Sawyer, Director of Health to U.N.R.R.A., will fight deadly diseases among Europe's suffering millions

and is famous in the profession for his vaccine against yellow fever.

He studied this dread disease at first-hand in Brazil, Nigeria, and on the Gold Coast. The results of his research have been the means of saving thousands of people from death.

Until he left the United States for England, where he is closer to the actual scene of U.N.R.R.A.'s Continental operations, Dr. Wilbur Sawyer lived in a beautiful old house on the River Hudson. Here the sixty-one-year-old medical man, who can no longer follow sports as he did a few years ago, spends what free time he has in growing rhododendrons. He has the reputation of being among the best cultivators of this plant in America.

A native of Wisconsin, he fought with the United States Army in France during the Great War. Now he hopes to return shortly to the same battlefields, this time to fight disease and sickness.

He and his experts will take with them basic medical supplies with which to restock the clinics, enough food with which to tide things over until Europe is able to develop her dairy herds and turn her swords back into ploughshares.

This vast task will cover a long period, and will cost £550,000,000, of which the United Kingdom will contribute £80,000,000.

Emergency Hospitals

These basic medical supplies for Europe are in two forms. The first is an emergency unit containing the requirements of 100,000 people for a month. Drugs, surgical equipment, in fact, everything possible is included.

Every unit also has a hospital with 200 beds, and an operating and X-ray theatre. Five small "cottage" hospitals holding forty beds each are also taken for use in small villages.

The second unit—known as the "Standard Unit"—has supplies for 1,000,000 people for three months.

Dr. Wilbur Sawyer and his associates are the "Reserve Army of Liberation" in the very fullest sense. They will go to no country without being invited by its Government. They are strictly a "Mercy organisation."

The millions of "displaced persons," as they are called, present a further vast problem. They have been driven like cattle, thousands of miles from their homes, for forced labour, and are kept under-nourished under conditions where disease is rampant.

Let us look at a few figures in order to help us to appreciate the vast reshuffle that must take place.

It is estimated that between eight and nine million people from all over Europe have been driven into Germany to act as labourers. Against these, something like 3,000,000 Germans have been removed from Germany to become established in other countries. Both those leaving Germany and those returning to it are potential carriers of epidemics.

The European nations are tangled beyond belief. Some 300,000 French people were removed from Alsace-Lorraine and replaced by Germans. Yugo-Slavs were taken to Italy and Italians transported into Austria. Poles have been found in Persia.

It is believed that some 4,000,000 of the "displaced persons" are women—and many of these now have two or three children.

A problem which is likely to crop up for many years after the war is the re-appearance of "lost" peoples. Astonishing as it may sound, whole trainloads of people have left their homes under forced transport to other countries, but have never reached their scheduled destinations.

Were they massacred on the way? Possibly. But it also happened in many cases, owing to altered plans during the long journey, that their destinations were changed. This might have occurred more than once, with the result that they eventually arrived in a new country unknown, unrecorded and, to all intents and purposes, lost.

When these millions of "displaced persons" return home, they are capable of spreading epidemics as a shower of sparks from a railway engine starts fires along an embankment.

To deal with this mighty problem, U.N.R.R.A. has a special department known as the "Displaced Persons' Division." It is advised by the Health Division.

"Get the People Home"

The first objective is to make sure that measures of medical inspection, delousing and immunisation, are carried out in the countries of departure, transit and arrival. By this method the danger of epidemics is greatly reduced, and at the same time the "displaced persons" are not unnecessarily detained in quarantine at frontiers.

"Get the people back home as quickly as possible with the least possible risk," will be U.N.R.R.A.'s motto. It is an idea that will appeal to all.

New drugs and methods will be called upon to fight disease. Tuberculosis is high on the list of opponents. So are lice, which carry disease. Against them the new D.D.T. insecticide powder will prove a deadly weapon.

With this powder whole populations of towns and villages can be treated quickly and with a minimum of labour. Streets and even districts can be immunised. Many people will remember how, only recently, the serious threat of a typhus epidemic in Naples and other parts of Italy was speedily checked, largely by the use of D.D.T.

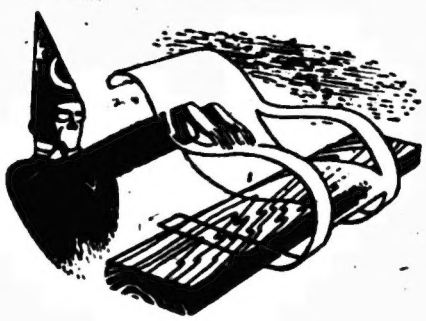
There are many of these discoveries which will help the work of Dr. Sawyer and his co-workers. There is pencillin. There are the sulfanilamide group of drugs, of which the most famous is M. and B. 693. There are new techniques in surgery.

Above all, there is a more scientific attitude to diet, and a greater knowledge of the real value of foodstuffs.

But U.N.R.R.A. has a gigantic task, without parallel in the whole of history. No one man has ever had the responsibility that now rests on Dr. Sawyer, the international doctor who, in his leisure in peace time, likes nothing better than to potter in his garden.

Your New Life

CHEMISTRY TRANSFORMS WOOD



A NEW AND wonderful form of wood will play an increasingly effective part in the homes of the future.

It is the result of modern alchemy, which has at last produced a form of wood free from the many drawbacks of the original.

The treatment consists of impregnating the wood with a chemical under heat and steam pressure. This binds the fibres so soundly that softwoods become as hard and durable as seasoned oak, and hardwoods as dense as ebony.

The process can include the impregnation of colour into the very heart of the wood itself, so that the only final treatment needed for decoration is sandpapering and final polishing.

Furniture made from this "alchemised" wood will stand up to any known climate in the world.

It will not shrink, swell, or warp. Drawers of it made to-morrow should still slide smoothly and freely a hundred years hence.

Floors and panelling will need no staining and will stand up to any amount of hard wear without their surface suffering or their colours fading. The many beautiful graining effects of certain softwoods, which were hitherto unsuitable for furniture or floors, will be available in great variety in a form as hard, durable and permanent as that used by the old craftsmen cabinet-makers.

And, let us add, at a very much cheaper price!

H. H.

They Fight Alone

Romantic but dangerous adventures behind the lines are described by JOHN CASHEL

WRAPPED IN A HOODED sheepskin cloak, with a Sten gun fastened to his thigh out of sight, the captain was waiting to wipe out a German headquarters single-handed.

He was one of the British Army's "lone wolves" who cannot yet be named, or even described, in case they might be identified.

Sharp-witted, self-reliant, coldly courageous, they nearly always work alone, unlike land and air commandos. Their operations have ranged from the Low Countries and France to Libya and from North-West Africa to Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Crete.

If some of their jobs were bloodthirsty, the end—terrifying and killing Germans, and stiffening the morale and resistance of invaded peoples—justified the means.

One Against Four

THE CAPTAIN, wearing a beard grown in the native style to complete his shepherd's disguise, was secretly ashore on a German-occupied island that was the key to the important coastline behind it. He spoke bad German as befitted his humble disguise, but made himself understood in Italian to his Partisan friends.

The German commandant's headquarters were at a small fishing port in a whitewashed building of rubble and beaten earth. In peace time the building had been the office of the civil administration.

A room on the ground floor was the captain's objective. While he tended his sheep amid the rocks and ravines of the island the Partisans brought him daily news of the routine of the German garrison.

Gradually he built up a complete picture of where their commandant, his staff and men were at any given time, and of the structure of the headquarters.

First there was the sentry. Behind him was a guard room where half a dozen or so soldiers spent most of the time. Next a small waiting-room. Finally a large room used by the commandant as his living-room.

Its windows looked out on a hillside, beyond which lay a mountainous passage across the island. This path meant many hours of rough going on foot, but it offered the best chance of concealment and escape.

The night on which the captain decided to strike was one when he knew the commandant was entertaining three prominent officers at dinner.

He made a last check up of his Sten as he approached the German post. The gun was silenced so that anyone within earshot would hear little more than a faint plop.

Presenting himself to the sentry, he demanded in broken German to see the commandant as he had important information for him. The sentry, impressed, called an N.C.O., who took the visitor to the waiting-room.

The commandant told the N.C.O. that the man must wait till after dinner. This meant that the commandant and his guests would have had their fill of wine. The captain was pleased.

For an hour he sat waiting and observing. The German mess orderlies passed in and out. Once or twice they tried to make conversation with him, and he replied in his primitive, illiterate German. They suspected nothing.

At last an orderly led him into the commandant's room and withdrew, leaving him with his back to the door. He was facing the commandant and three other officers, all seated at the table.

He had reached the crucial moment after weeks of lone risk and planning.

Without a word he raised an arm through the sleeve of his cloak and the silent Sten plopped. Its first bullet killed the commandant. A split second it got the others as they scrambled to their feet. Two fell dead, the third was severely wounded and unconscious.

The captain locked the door in case any sound had penetrated to the guard room, and searched their pockets for documents. Then he stuffed some food from the table into his cloak pocket and disappeared through a window. He had been in the room little more than a minute.

Death of Two Judges

HE HEARD NO SIGN of pursuit as he made his way up the hillside. He trekked all night across mountain paths until he reached the other side of the island.

There, in a hidden cove, a small British craft awaited him.

An even more amazing adventure of the same captain happened when, in the full light of midmorning, he killed or captured a whole court in session at a small German headquarters on another island in the same region.

The senior officer was at his headquarters dealing with disciplinary cases and other unit business. He and another officer were the judges. A prisoner up for some military offence stood before them.

No Briton was thought to be anywhere within hundreds of miles. But a Sten spoke faintly from somewhere in the room, and the two judges died unceremoniously.

The captain behind the silent gun then held up and took prisoner a third officer (the prosecuting counsel), an N.C.O. escort, the prisoner, and five privates who were there as witnesses—eight men in all.

He strung them into single file and marched them to a mountain cave. Here he had accumulated a stock of provisions sufficient for several days.

The Germans scoured the island, but they never discovered the narrow, overgrown entry to the cave.

When the hue and cry died down the captain, assisted now by Partisans, marched the captives to a beach. From here he sailed with his prisoners in a fishing boat to a distant coast in British occupation.

In Italy a British lieutenant was dropped by air a hundred and fifty miles behind the fighting front. A corporal and five privates landed with him. The job was too big for one man.

Mistaken Identity

IT WAS A two-purpose venture aimed at assisting British prisoners who escaped after Italy's collapse, and of organising guerilla warfare in the German rear by creating disturbances over the widest possible area.

The high-spot in the lieutenant's exploits was when he captured an Italian car of pro-consular magnificence. It bore Fascist badges and evidently belonged to some high personage.

In this car he visited the local Fascist headquarters and, when the chiefs hastened out to welcome the distinguished visitor, they walked into bursts of bullets.

For four and a half months the lieutenant and his original six men, augmented as time went on into a force of many hundreds, lived and fought behind the enemy lines.

At last he was wounded and returned to the British lines. He had lost only one of his original men.

Their adventure paid a rich dividend. It not only harassed the Germans and their Fascist supporters, but brought 1,500 Allied prisoners safely back to the lines of the advancing British and American armies.

Members of a R.A.F. medical unit are among those helping the Yugoslav Partisans—here seen at dinner

Tons of leaflets instead of bombs are loade

FRONT LI

Men have gon
are armed wi

THE CREWS OF A crack Allied bomber squadron shuffled without enthusiasm towards their big machines.

"Paper war," whispered the well-known wing-commander who led the squadron. Instead of bombs, tons of leaflets had been packed into the bombers to be dropped behind the German lines.

To-day, heroic Allied pilots, bomb-aimers, rear- and waist-gunners, front-line tank troops, infantry and gunners no longer despise this form of warfare.

They have learned that this war with words, this attack on the mind instead of the body of the enemy, can hurt and show results. The back-room boys of "political warfare" haven't taken many lives; but they have saved thousands of Allied troops.

Even the pilots who carried the paper loads changed their minds when some authors of the leaflets, the men who fight with their pens rather than with revolvers, joined them on their missions to prove their faith in their particular weapons.

One of them who is now with the American Army went up with a formation in Italy. Enemy fighter squadrons dived into the "propaganda squadron." The boys had to fight in order to drop their leaflets.

IT WAS NOT difficult to convince them that Kesselring was as frightened of paper as he was of bombs. Why else should he have fought so hard to keep the paper loads from falling on his lines?

The squadrons had hardly returned from their mission when reports came in that already Italian patriots in the rear had followed the instructions sent to them in leaflets.

Italian troops, who were as yet ignorant of a vital political development in Allied-held parts of their country, came through the British and American lines to give themselves up in droves. Whole sectors of the front collapsed as a consequence of the attack by paper bombs.

Similar things happen on all fronts every day. Propaganda is now so closely co-ordinated that the linguists who write it, the experts who dictate its policy, can no longer safely sit in rear areas.

Paper and presses have to be taken almost to the front line. For a long time now these printing plants have formed objectives for enemy assaults, which have been as vigorous as those against machine-gun nests and heavy artillery positions.

o the waiting Wellington to be dropped with the same deadly effect as explosives

E WAR OF WORDS

t to fight the enemy almost face to face, they ords—which have become a vital weapon

WILLI FRISCHAUER

Here is an example of how front-line propaganda is worked.

Information about the disposition of enemy troops reaches an advanced headquarters. Prisoners from certain units have been captured. The rest of these units still feel secure in what their officers describe as impregnable strongholds.

The propaganda boys get busy. They know the units from which prisoners have been taken. They get their names and their regimental numbers. They write out a few terse paragraphs, which are quickly sent to the front-line printer.

Half an hour later a new leaflet is ready. Only a short while passes before copies flutter down over enemy lines.

Then the German soldier who felt secure because he thought another unit was guarding the Allied approach to his position gets the shock of his life. He learns that his pals have been captured, that the road to his hide-out is clear, that he himself will be a prisoner soon.

Rather than fight, he gives up. An action which may cost many lives has been avoided.

Not only 'planes take leaflets to the enemy lines. Now it is a frequent occurrence for leaflets, fresh from the front-line printing presses, to be packed into shells and fired into the enemy lines.

Where the enemy uses satellite troops this propaganda is written in several languages. The linguists no longer sit in safe offices miles from the firing lines. They almost go into action with the troops.

Doubt and sometimes ridicule was expressed when some of these experts suggested that special passes for enemy troops should be printed to guarantee them safe conduct through our lines.

OUR TROOPS ARGUED: "These Nazis, who have fought so hard for every inch of ground, won't give in to slips of paper!"

They did not know that the Nazis on the other side had been told that they would be killed or tortured if they fell into Allied hands. A pass, setting out exactly what treatment they could expect if taken prisoner, worked miracles.

More drastic methods must sometimes be employed. A few prisoners, taken after a hard struggle, were sent back to the enemy lines. The men who had captured them did not like the idea. But Intelligence officers had talked to them, had given them a supply of passes and, sure enough, after an hour they came back bringing scores of their comrades with them.

Our men, who had been angry because their captives had been released, were all smiles. Credit for the big haul of prisoners was given to them. But it was really the work of the propaganda boys.

ALL ALONG THE FRONT, as soon as mobile warfare dies down for regrouping or during an essential pause for bringing up supplies, engineers get busy installing, not guns, but loudspeakers!

You would be surprised to see—or hear—what happens. When the roar of guns dies down music fills the air.

The propaganda boys have brought up gramophones and records. Soon the atmosphere is transformed. You can almost visualise tired and exhausted enemy troops listening with relief to the music.

The idyllic atmosphere does not last long. The enemy command knows the danger of allowing his men to relax to the tune of sweet songs. A well-aimed volley of shells hits the loudspeaker and silences its softening notes.

No one is hurt on our side, because the men who operate the gramophones are not in the same place as the loudspeakers.

It is not long before another loudspeaker takes up the cue, not with sweet music this time, but with carefully considered, well-composed messages to the enemy troops. Our linguists talk to them, tell them the actual position in which they are, and give them news of political and military developments of which their commanders have kept them ignorant.

There were a couple of tough Highlanders who had been detailed to guard three of these propaganda boys right in the front line. They listened while, microphone in hand, the linguists spoke to the enemy.

"Can those boys talk!" they said.

A few minutes later an enemy patrol, which had crept up unnoticed, ambushed the group and took them prisoners.

Now the men of "psychological warfare" really went to work. They talked to the Germans in their own language. They asked to see the officer in charge. Within half an hour they had convinced him that his position was hopeless, that his salvation lay only in swift surrender.

Not long after they walked back into the Allied lines with forty prisoners. And the Highland men repeated over and over again: "Can those boys talk!"

And so the war of words goes on.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

"PERHAPS THE MOST representative Englishman of our generation." A few years ago they talked like that of Stanley Baldwin, of whom it is now kindest to say that he is forgotten.

To-day, I see, the phrase is used of J. B. Priestley. Why not?

Certainly, he expressed on the air—until narrow Torvism stopped him—at least *some* of the views of the ordinary man and woman. Sound rather than original, they were forthright and frank.

At public meetings, whenever he is asked, he talks "plain commonsense," as bluntly as any London-tamed Yorkshireman can. If his latest platform utterance, a plea for more unity on the Left, were heeded, not even Churchill could save the Conservatives next time.

I admire, also, Priestley's prodigious output—the constant stream of plays in which he combines a measure of idealism with a market value. He shows his Yorkshire canniness in refusing to write novels at a time when the publishers, but not the authors, are making fortunes.

Tell France!

THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION has on its staff no fewer than 3,000!

Incidentally, some of them are salaried parsons who produced a religious news-sheet telling other parsons what foreign churches are doing in the war, which their own religious weeklies should tell. Others are equally unnecessary.

Certainly, Brendan Bracken has done a reasonably good job. But half his Department might now be sacked.

Why is it we have only just discovered, despite the millions spent on "propaganda," how France's ignorance of Britain's mighty war effort is even greater than that of the bulk of the Americans?

All that most French people know is that we have bombed thousands of their homes. Unless, urgently, the task of educating them about Britain's contribution is undertaken, they will remember, apart from that, only our long refusal to recognise de Gaulle.

American Enemies

As for the Americans, while it is true we have among them many firm friends, among them it is also true that what they call our "old-fashioned imperialism" has made many more of them our bitter enemies.

These openly attack Churchill for thinking more of bossdom in India than of Asiatic good will; they demand that he should be "gagged," although I do not know by whom.

But America is hard to please.

For months we were accused of "refusing to send proper help to the Pacific" by those who blamed us for "Hitler first."

Then when we stated that our naval strength in the East would soon be strong enough to deal with the Japanese fleet by itself—today it is not needed—we were accused of "safeguarding Britain's Imperial interests."

Blaming Monty!

"Britain should send greater help to China and abandon the obsolete Burma campaign," complains Edgar Mowrer

Here, or at least in many circles, Lord Louis Mountbatten is regarded as a first-rate leader; in the United States many attribute his appointment to "influence."

An even more dangerous section of American writers consistently extol Eisenhower at the expense of Montgomery, eulogising the former as though he had won the Battle of France despite what they describe as the latter's "slowness" and "defensive attitude."

Time Marching On

"UNTIL THE WAR," said Richard de Rochemont, the American director of "The March of Time," the other day, "we had arguments almost every month with your film censor as to how far we could criticise the head of a State with which we were not at war."

That meant Hitler. In those days no stage comedian was allowed to joke about him!

Last week the firm's newest picture, "How to Deal with Germany," accused not only Hitler but all the German people of a war which, according to Lord Vansittart, may cost Europe as many as 100,000,000 lives!

Who is Right?

WHY DO "experts" on Germany hold such conflicting views?

In "A Thousand-Year Conspiracy" Paul Winkler tries to prove how, for no fewer than ten centuries, the Teutons have been trying to make themselves overlords! He will soon be going back to the time when the Saxons, from whom I am descended, invaded Britain.

On the other hand, I read in "The Future of War," which B. H. Liddell-Hart wrote in 1925 this:

"In the seventeenth century the Protestant States of North Germany, complaining that the expense of maintaining armed forces exceeded the possible benefit of their protection, prated thus—'Let us behave with justice to all men, and all men will behave with justice to us.' They speedily found the fallacy of this faith in an imperfect world, their protests of neutrality an inadequate shield."

JOHN BULL Short Story

"A storyteller with wit, brevity, and a sharp eye which might well belong to a cartoonist" is one critic's comment. Others have been equally enthusiastic. J. Maclaren-Ross is definitely a humorist with a touch that is entirely his own . . .

Surprise Visit

by J. MACLAREN-ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

"Who're those filthy, dirty men," he asked, "over there?"

THE ADJUTANT was annoyed when he opened the letter. It'd been his birthday the day before and he still hadn't wholly recovered from the celebrations in the Mess.

He tore the letter open quickly; it was a double enclosure with another envelope inside it, this one marked SECRET. He tore this open, too—and there was the message from Divisional Headquarters, saying that a General would be paying a surprise visit to the I.T.C. at 1000 hours next morning, Tuesday, January 18.

The Adjutant was shaken; he said "Blast!" His head swam, and he sat down abruptly at his desk.

The 'phone rang in his ear; he snatched it up and administered a swift rolluxing to the orderly at the other end. As he slammed the 'phone down, finishing up with "Get me all Companies," an order which he knew the 'phone orderly hated, the Second-in-Command came in.

"God, you look awful," he said. "Had bad news—or is it just your head?"

"Both," the Adjutant informed him, and passed over the letter from Divisional H.Q. Its effect was all he could have desired. Major Brant gave a gasp.

"Gosh," he said. "This is bad news all right." Then he went further and said. "It's terrible news." He looked at the letter again, and said: "A surprise visit. What're we going to do about it?"

"I've just rung up all Companies to inform them."

"Yes. We've got to be prepared. Who's coming this time?"

"Some ruddy big shot. Look for yourself. He's got five names."

Then the C.O. came in.

When the C.O. grunted three times it meant that he was angry. Two grunts meant that he was cold; one grunt might mean anything, even an amiable assent. But three grunts meant trouble for somebody.

NOW the C.O., reading the letter from Divisional H.Q., grunted five times, and, interpreting the signal correctly, the Adjutant rang through on the 'phone and ordered some more coal for the fire, already blazing half-way up the chimney.

The C.O. threw down the letter and stood up.

"Too ruddy cold in here," he said. "I'm going for a walk round the huts. Leave you to deal with this nonsense," indicating the letter with the end of his stick. "Necessary action," he added, and went out.

"Very good, sir," the Adjutant said weakly to the closed door.

"I've been thinking," Major Brant said in a tone of awe at this unusual exercise. "I've been thinking. Best not inform the Companies by 'phone. After all, it's secret. Walls have ears and so on, eh? Careless talk costs lives. Better write 'em a note instead. Letters can always be burnt, can't they?"

Yes, and they can also be left lying around offices for everyone to read, the Adjutant thought, but that was the Major's pigeon; he was security officer, after all. The Adjutant felt too ill to argue. The pencilled words on paper danced up and down before his eyes as he wrote out the draft letter to O.C.s All Companies. In the middle of it the 'phone rang.

"Ack Company, sir."

"Well, cancel it. Cancel all the calls."

Then an orderly came in with some coal.

"WHAT d'you want?" the Adjutant shouted at him. "Get out, can't you see I'm busy? Besides, what do we want with more coal; it's hot as hell in here."

The orderly retired, leaving two knobs of coal on the carpet to commemorate his visit. Major Brant pulled at his moustache. The effort of thinking had exhausted him. He felt as though he'd been on a route march. The Adjutant, sweating freely, finished writing his letter. But his agitation was such that the clerk who was given the letter to type was unable to decipher it.

"SECRET. Subject: Surprise visit from Divisional H.Q. I've got that far; now what's this? Nasturtiums?"

"Notwithstanding. That's what that is," the Orderly Room Sergeant said.

"And this: Armentieres."

"Administrate. Here, give it to me. I'm used to his ruddy scrawl."

And, sitting at his old Oliver, which, when in action, sounded like a savage stallion kicking a loose box to bits, the O.R.S. slammed out the letter on seven carbons. "Now take it in and get his nibs' signature."

The letter was signed and enclosed in envelopes stamped SECRET, and Ramsbotham, the Battalion Runner, sent for.

Ramsbotham grinned as he received the letters; he'd overheard what was in them. "More trouble," he told his pals in the kitchen. "Some big nob coming to inspect the I.T.C. That won't half shake 'em, eh?"

He got on his bike and rode off chuckling. He knew himself to be the Messenger of Death, and this rôle just about suited him. It cancelled out his months in the awkward squad as a recruit, being shouted at by the sergeants. He thought gleefully: "Show 'em, the swine."

Meanwhile, the C.O.'s tour of inspection had upset the C.O. so much that on his return to H.Q. he grunted so many times that the Adjutant got mixed up and couldn't follow him. The C.O. settled his quandary by roaring suddenly: "Fetch the R.S.M."

The R.S.M. put on his cap, which he wore always in the exact centre of his head, and ran lightly down the stairs in his rubber-soled shoes, adopted specially in the hope of coming silently up behind some luckless recruit and catching him out with his bootlace or maybe one of his buttons undone. He was known all over the I.T.C. as "Creeper."

Now he saluted smartly, but in a way that would have earned any recruit he saw doing it a well-deserved rolluxing, and stood to attention before the C.O.

The C.O. looked up at the R.S.M. and then, without even a warning grunt, he let out a roar that made the windows of the Orderly Room rattle.

"He's at it again," the clerks whispered in glee, gathering round the door to listen, while alone the O.R.S. stayed at his post, hammering the Oliver which kicked back suddenly and nearly broke one of his fingers as a reprisal.

RAMSBOTHAM, the Messenger of Death, who'd caused all this confusion by merely carrying out orders and delivering the letters, sat drinking tea in the canteen and occasionally spitting on the floor.

He watched from the window a sergeant staggering about with a dazed look on his face, reduced to a state of terror and bewilderment by the recent conference, at which he'd been threatened with dire penalties by his Company Commander for not reporting leaking huts; the C.O. had just been on at them about that.

Meanwhile, down at H.Q., the C.O. was shouting: "And then that Reading Room. Full of malingerers. Men playing cards. That'll cease forthwith. Have the place locked during parade hours. Especially to-morrow. The General 'll have a fit if he sees anything like that."

"Beg pardon, sir, but what are we going to do with the sick, sir, to-morrow, sir, if we keep the Reading Room locked, sir, during the inspection, sir. How shall we keep them out of sight, sir."

"Set them on shovelling snow or something."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," and the R.S.M.'s speech became so peppered with sirs that the Adjutant felt like shrieking and envied Major Brant, who'd got clear of the place by saying he had to go on a Recce.

The C.O. dismissed the R.S.M. and got hold of the 'phone himself. He rarely did this, but when he did things happened. They now proceeded to happen to the 'phone orderly, to Company Sergeant-Majors, and Company Commanders in quick succession. He ended by sending for the Messing Officer and saying "Thank you," to the 'phone orderly, which was more than the Adjutant ever did, anyhow.

While the Messing Officer was being told off about the state of the cookhouse, various A.T.S. employed in Company Offices were excitedly reading the copies of the Adjutant's letter, which, as he'd expected, had been left lying about anywhere, heavily marked SECRET in mauve ink.

In one of the offices a male corporal arrived who didn't like A.T.S., and first he dismissed the gathering and then, in accordance with instructions, "This memo. will be destroyed on perusal," he lit his pipe with the letter. This necessary precaution earned him a frightful raspberry from his Company Commander, who'd forgotten exactly what was in the letter and now had to send a runner next door for Beer Company's copy.

The duty men weren't allowed out that night at all. They were all kept in to scrub out the huts and get them in readiness for the General's inspection. And before this they had an extra half-hour's drill to brass them up.

IN the W.T. stores all the weapons were overhauled, ammunition counted; latrines cleaned, all inscriptions on the walls erased; jankermen swabbed out the cookhouse, and a special menu was drawn up by the Messing Officer, himself put off his food by the interview with the C.O.

But down at H.Q. everything was quiet; the C.O. had gone off to his club, the Adjutant to bed. Only Ramsbotham, the Messenger of Death, was displeased. He'd come unstuck. Returning after a couple of hours in the Naffy, he'd been stuck on report by the R.S.M., who'd been looking for a scapegoat to relieve his feelings, outraged by the way the C.O. had spoken to him.

So Ramsbotham sat in the kitchen by the stove and swore.

In the huts, where the fresh blacklead on the stoves gave out a stink, men were feverishly blancoing up or sewing flashes on their best battledress suits. These activities continued long after lights out and no one slept very well.

In the morning first period for all Companies was Interior Economy, and this included Exterior Economy; shovel-

snow off the roofs of the huts and ing up all paper, cigarette cartons, tins littered about outside. Kits squared up as per plate; even the on the soles of spare boots were bed. Then equipment was buckled nd Companies were paraded for Rehearsal.

ey were in their best B.D.; only one d squad in denims was hidden behind the wash-house with picks shovels, ready to stagger out at a signal, as having been on a Work-Party. One of the subalterns, who'd an actor in Civvy Street, had ged this dramatic touch.

the Company Parade Grounds at arsal, the sergeants had adopted a dling tone and were appealing to sporting spirit of their men to give Little bit extra.

wly the hour approached.

nners were posted along Company to give the word at the first sign proach. In the Company Lines the sat with their perms and their ed nails before freshly cleaned vriters.

last the moment came. A runner ff his bike on the Company square asped out that a car with the Divi-l sign on it was headed for the

Platoons, get on P'rade!" the ser-s shouted. The C.S.M.s arrived said, "Markers, stead-y!" Well-n figures from the awkward squad fallen in with their platoons by ke were weeded out at once.

d slowly up the tarmac road came ar with the Divisional sign painted and fiving the Divisional flag. It d slowly so as not to shake the al inside: Company Commanders ed heartfelt sighs of relief as one ne their own particular parade nds were passed by. At last only mpany ground was left at the far of the camp, and sure enough the did to a stop alongside it.

e General was alighting, and the ing Party, spurred on by hisses behind, staggered out with their and shovels, simulating fatigue.

THE GENERAL didn't even notice m; old and bald and bandy, bowed it seemed by the weight of his his five names, his shoulder-tabs, ed band on his cap, he stood gazing otly out at the men on drill; the stood beside him.

e Working Party, dragging their started to line up on a corner of square under their bright young lern. Thus they came within the ral's line of vision, causing him to a start of surprise.

Who're those filthy, dirty men," he d, "over there?"

Working Party, sir."

h." The General went back to ncy; the squads presented arms sly under his empty stare. Then ivered a little under his British n, and after a moment added: ody cold out here."

loody cold, sir," the C.O. agreed.

they got into the car again and ed slowly back along the road to arracks, and the sergeants shouted ly. "Platoons, officer on p'rade, iss," and the squads broke for their

d the General never inspected any-at all. He drove straight back to ional H.Q. without even waiting for and the C.O. was so relieved by way things had gone that he let sbotham off with "Case Admon-" when he came up on Evidence.

Ramsbotham, also relieved, went he beer that night, and the R.S.M. t him climbing in through a win-at 0200 hours and shoved him on er thickun, and this time the C.O. in a bad mood and dished out four-days to barracks.

everyone said: "Serves old my ruddy well right."

"The Stuff to Give the Troops."
Cape, 7s. 6d.

These books make news

They Murdered Freedom under Cover of Prayer

Even the Japanese would be surprised by the facts revealed in Hugh Byas's book—collected from strange personal experience

by VINCENT BROME

The Emperor of Japan was the centre of a fantastic plot

ALTHOUGH IT WAS A WARM, still day in July, the full beauty of the Japanese summer did not interest the solitary policeman standing near the shrine of the Emperor Meiji.

Preparations were going forward for a prayer meeting. Forty-nine members of the Patriotic Societies had come to worship as their ancestors had worshipped a thousand yesterdays ago.

A prayer meeting seemed innocent enough. Innocent to the point of being the perfect cover.

But the policeman remembered. A Prime Minister had been murdered. The Minister of Finance and Japan's best-known businessman had been done to death, and the Patriotic Societies were deeply implicated.

Now, no less than forty-nine members had suddenly appeared at the shrine of the Emperor Meiji.

The policeman went to the telephone box and from that moment began one of the most fantastic stories of murder and assassination in the history of the world.

The Great Production Society was one of Japan's many patriotic organisations. It had a local branch near the shrine and there, that day, the police found several things not strictly connected with the ritual of worship. There were eighteen gallons of petrol, a number of automatic cigarette-lighters, four swords and a banner with the slogan: "Restore the Imperial Way."

The police made inquiries. Soon they found themselves involved with an organisation known poetically as Soldiers Sent by the Divine Wind. Next, a gold-plated pistol and six cartridges came to light. Within a week one hundred and eighteen people were arrested.

Confessions

At that point an elderly gentleman suddenly arrived to claim the gold-plated pistol. Under cross-examination he revealed that he had been sent by the brother of a man who published a wool magazine, Koerimono Shimpo. Many of these wool magazines published in Tokyo are little more than blackmail sheets.

The police raided the publisher's house and unearthed another revolver, this time a Mauser with forty-six rounds of ammunition.

Until then they had trapped only small fry, but now, as each fresh piece of the jigsaw fell into place, far more important people became involved. Lieutenant-Colonel Tetsutaro Yasuda confessed that he had contributed 25,000 yen to the prayer meeting. Hikoichi Naito, managing director of the Matsuya, one of the biggest department stores in Japan, was incriminated.

Ninety-Nine Hearings

In the end, sixty-two people were tried and the whole amazing plot brought to the surface. At one point in the trial a spokesman for the prisoners said: "The spirit of Japan was in danger of collapsing because of the influx of materialistic ideas from the West. We decided to do away with the Cabinet, establish a new political organ, revise the Constitution and establish the Emperor's administration in the true sense of the term."

Commander Yamaguchi was to fly over the Cabinet Office while members were meeting and blow the building to pieces. He would also obliterate the police H.Q. This would be the signal for the simultaneous murder of more Cabinet Ministers and notables.

Meanwhile, the petrol and the cigarette-lighters would set fire to the offices of the political Parties. By then they hoped that martial law would have been proclaimed and they could hand everything over to the army....

A simple prayer meeting was thus the means to wholesale murder, to revolution, and the ruthless military supression of a complete nation.

Nor did it stop there. In the Western world such a plot would have been almost too fantastic to believe. In the Western world the plotters would have met with very short shrift.

In Japan the trial dragged on through ninety-nine hearings. At the final hearing the number of prisoners had fallen to seventeen, and those seventeen had become even insolent in their bearing.

They refused to listen to the closing address of the prosecutor. One of them informed the judge that they could not agree with the prosecutor's views on the Emperor, and they proposed to leave the court as a protest. Thereupon the judge warned them of the penalties they risked. But the accused simply walked out....

Prisoners Absent

"As head of the prosecution I demand that the judge use his authority," the prosecutor said. The judge reflected on this and then announced that the prosecutor could go ahead with his case—in the absence of the prisoners! Finally, those who remained in the dock were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

Mr. Hugh Byas has chosen for the title of his book on Japan the phrase, *Government by Assassination* (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 10s. 6d.). He more than justifies the title.

Mr. Byas has lived in Japan for years and the book is full of inside information from close contact with Japanese leaders Prime Ministers, War Ministers, admirals and secret agents—Mr. Byas has met them all. There are things he sets down here which will surprise the Japanese people themselves. For the ordinary British people the book makes fantastic yet convincing reading.

Your Good Health

Be Honest about those Nerves

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

IT DEPENDS, as they say, what you mean by nerves. Strictly, they are long stringy bundles of fibres stretching from your brain to all your muscles and sense organs and acting as a Corps of Signals for the body.

Popularly speaking, "nerves" means nothing of the sort—it means you are jumpy and jittery, can't keep still, swear too much, get irritable, go off your food and can't sleep at night.

This sort of "nerves" is always due to pent-up emotions of some sort. Emotions govern our lives—fear, excitement, ambition, love, pity, pleasure, anxiety, sorrow, misery, hate—all the time we are prey to emotion of some sort. If we were not, we should just be calculating-machines.

A reasonable amount of emotion makes us human. But we don't always get a reasonable amount, and too much can be very exhausting. An outburst of anger, an evening's hilarity, leaves you like a wet rag.

Continual emotion, even if not so intense, is equally exhausting. Several months of being blitzed can spoil the sunniest temper. Anxiety over a loved one abroad can bring wrinkles to the face. Jealousy can ruin the appetite and cause chronic indigestion.

WHAT REALLY GETS under folks' skins is having an emotion and not being able to do anything about it. It's easier to stand bombing if you can shoot back; fine to be in love if you can marry and live happily ever after; good to hate someone if you can kick him in the pants. The people with the willies are the ones who can't do anything about it.

The funny thing is that they try to kid themselves they have no emotion. They always tell you they have no worries at all, and can't understand why they are so nervy. That's because they have had no outlet and have bottled the thing up.

Nervy people should have a good honest think and decide what emotion is upsetting them. If they can find an outlet, all the better. If not, they should try to work up an opposite emotion. Nothing cures a broken heart like shooting a tiger—so I've been told.

Keir Hardie, Socialist Pioneer, won concessions by Christian representation, not by demands

Free Speech

ARE STRIKES UNDEMOCRATIC?

Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform. One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

SOMEHOW OR OTHER after the war we have got to negotiate with the Germans. It doesn't promise very well if we can't even settle our own differences without recourse to what's little short of anarchy. Every strike voted for and sanctioned by organised labour is one more nail in democracy's coffin, and goes to prove the failure of applied democracy. When workers vote for a strike they use the vote as a bludgeon.

Keir Hardie, with his handful of supporters, did not obtain concessions by making demands, but by Christian representation. To purge democracy of some of its dross, the workers must be induced by fair words to relinquish for ever their right to strike.—Gnr. J. H. SWANN, Weymouth, Dorset.

Changing Human Nature

IN LAST WEEK'S analysis of the "Price of Peace," you begin by quoting social evils that have now disappeared as arguments to prove that human nature can be changed. One of your examples was the torturing of women as witches. Then you go on to suggest that salvation will come through a World Authority. We've had World Authorities before. The Roman Catholic Church was the greatest. And witches were tortured with the full approval of the Church. Of course, you can change human nature—but it will always be the same thing.—JAMES FERGUSON, Mount Preston, Leeds.

Fraternising with Germans?

WE, THE BOYS in this hospital, feel it our duty to inform you of a most disturbing incident. Most of us have just returned from fighting in Holland and we occupy an upstairs ward here. Germans were downstairs till this morning, when they were moved. We saw the nurses actually shaking hands with them. We protested, but were told by the sister-in-charge to mind our own business. Had it not been for us and those like us, the Germans would be over here now, but not in hospital.—SEVEN GUNNERS, Sheffield.

Making or Breaking Men

ONE THING THIS WAR has proved to me is that there is such a thing as true love. In my travels, I've come in contact with all types and seen that being away from home either makes or breaks a man. Having the best wife and the best mother for my baby daughter that I could want, I've done some thinking. In all times of temptation, or so-called "good times," my wife has been my guiding light. The old saying "absence makes the heart grow fonder" is a real gem.—A TOMMY FROM YORKSHIRE, Didcot, Berks.

Two to Make a Pair

MUCH OF THE BLAME for slackness in morals among young people to-day is put on the behaviour of soldiers from other countries stationed here. Admittedly these soldiers feel freed from the restrictions which would bind them in their home towns—but their critics seem to forget that it takes two to make a pair. In my opinion, the blame can equally be attached to our own girls.

In almost any town one can see young girls in the streets, giggling at soldiers and generally inviting a "pick-up." Naturally the man falls for it. An American writer has said that, in the opinion of American soldiers, a lot of English girls are "too forward" and "always on the make." It looks as if some of the cherished ideas of our own soldiers overseas about British girls are going to get a pretty nasty shaking when the lads return to their own familiar streets.—C. SMITH, Didsbury, Manchester.

Fathers First

I'VE NEVER WRITTEN to a paper in my life before, but I must do so after reading "Spinster's View." I say, let the married men come home first. I have a son of thirty-five in Burma, and another a prisoner-of-war. They have never seen their own children. They are the men who ought to return first.—MRS. HAWLEY, Oxford.

Blow Britain's Trumpet

MY SISTER, who has lived in Australia for the past twenty-one years, has just written to say how annoyed they are that in Britain we give credit to every other Army, Air Force and Navy and never mention our own men. She wants to know why we don't wake up? Enclosed in her letter is a cutting from an Australian paper which says: "Even the race which produced Alfred the Great, Good Queen Bess, Drake, Nelson and Winston Churchill needs to advertise occasionally in these days of self-advertisement."—MRS. MAY E. BALL, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Hard-Hit Landlord

TEN YEARS AGO, after hard work and self-denial, my wife and I managed to save sufficient to buy a small house which we let unfurnished at the low rent then ruling. To-day, the return on the investment is very small indeed, and, although our tenant is much better off than we are, and boasts of earning more than double his pre-war wage, we are prevented by law from raising the rent by even a shilling a week. We can't go out to work because of our age and physical incapacity, and it is becoming a terrible struggle to make ends meet. Is it not time the Rent Restriction Acts were revised in fairness to small property owners?—A. S., Newton Abbot, Devon.

Information, Please

"YOU BRING YOUR QUESTIONS—we'll answer them!" is the slogan of the voluntary workers at a citizens' and Services' information bureau in a large Midland town.

Since the bureau opened two years ago more than 150,000 questions have been answered—an average of 220 a day. The busiest period is Sunday morning, when some 200 people seek information.

The most frequent inquiry is, "How can I get there, and what time do I go?" This is followed closely by "Where can I go to be amused?"

The bureau is not without its romantic moments. One day a Canadian soldier related how, on the previous evening, he had met a charming girl. They had had a wonderful time together, and had arranged to meet by a shelter on this particular evening. But he had completely forgotten where in the town the shelter was.

The ingenious lady in charge began to cross-question the soldier. How far was the shelter approximately from the station? What were the buildings near by like? Eventually enough information was gleaned to locate the meeting-place, and later the young couple returned together to say thanks.—L.A.C. J. ROBERTS, R.A.F. Signals.

One House, Each

THE LAST WAR brought an invasion of the country by townsfolk who bought up working-class houses to use as week-end cottages. To prevent this sort of thing again, a law should be passed at once prohibiting any person from owning more than one house for his own use for a period of at least five years, or until all families are safely housed again.—PETER G. GODDEN, Ashford, Kent.

Food Wasters

BEFORE ANYONE IS ALLOWED to cook for the public he or she should be required to pass a cookery course. It is nothing short of criminal the waste of good food which goes on through bad cooking in hotels and restaurants. Rationing isn't impairing our health: poor cooking is.—MRS. H. W., Glasgow, C.1.

'Buses or Private Cars?

READER ASHTON wants more petrol for the 'buses before giving any to private motorists. As a mechanic who worked for a 'bus company for about ten years I can tell him he's got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Shortage of petrol has never cut down 'bus services; it's the scarcity of spare parts. If some petrol were allowed to private cars the demand on the 'buses would be considerably lessened.—W. R., Harrogate, Yorks.

Gallivanting Husband

WHAT ABOUT ABOLISHING "commission only" jobs after the war? I had seven years trying to support a young family on this basis while my fond husband gallivanted across the country keeping up appearances in the best hotels where, no doubt, his popularity cost plenty. Incidentally, I hope fathers don't get the baby allowance.—MRS. K., Richmond, Surrey.

More Points, Less Meat

I AM EXPECTING MY SEVENTH BABY in a few weeks—and am taking advantage of the "extras" granted to expectant mothers. But can you tell me why we're allowed extra meat? My doctor always advises me to eat little meat, and thinks it's best to have none at all for the few months before baby's birth. It would be better if expectant mothers got extra points to buy tinned fish, beans or dried fruits. And, better still, if extra butter could be spared.—MRS. M. H., Flintshire.

Monty, the Cat

WHY DID FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY ever come to give the name "Hitler" to one of his dogs? A dog—a man's best friend—should at least have a name pleasant to the ear. I have only a cat, but I call him "Monty."—MRS. M. FULCHER, Dalston, E.8.

Opportunity Knocks

Jobs for 500,000

Builders will train boys to become skilled men

by

DONALD STOKES

BOOM YEARS LIE before the building and civil engineering industries. As well as the Government building schemes and the rebuilding of bomb-shattered towns there will probably be a tremendous expansion of public works—roads, railways, harbours, hospitals—throughout the Colonies.

Optimism in the building industry is reflected by Mr. H. B. Bryant, Clerk to the National Joint Council for the Building Industry, which represents all the employers and workers.

"We shall need 15,000 apprentices a year immediately the war ends, and probably 20,000," he told me. "We have now set up a national scheme of apprenticeship under which boys are being apprenticed to the industry, not to a master.

"They will serve for five years, and be turned out, at the age of twenty, as fully qualified craftsmen. Wages and conditions have been agreed between the employers and trades unions.

"The apprenticeship scheme, which is already operating, provides that a boy shall attend a day technical school for a minimum of six school-hours a week, in his employers' time, without deduction from his wages. If a boy has gone through a two years' course at such a school that will count as if he had been apprenticed for the two years, and his period of qualification will be correspondingly reduced.

"My advice to a boy who wants to enter any branch of the building industry is to become apprenticed to a local builder. The vast majority of master-men in our profession are eager to help boys to become skilled men, and the builder will give boys every help and encouragement. This applies whether the boy wants to be a craftsman—carpenter, painter or bricklayer—or to qualify as an architect, civil engineer or surveyor."

The opportunities in architecture and surveying are probably not quite as promising as in the "operative" side of building, even though three-quarters of the normal £400,000,000 a year turnover in the building industry goes through architects. Why is this?

UP TO NOW, architecture has been a rather overstaffed profession, and the number of highly qualified men has exceeded the demand. Also, there is a strong tendency in this profession towards "family" concerns.

The boom years to come may create far wider opportunities, but after then it is possible that the "professions" inside the building industry will once again become really lucrative only for the most highly talented.

Whether a boy wishes to become an architect, a master builder or a trained operative, he cannot do better than to make his first move a chat with a master builder, preferably owning one of the old-established firms to be found in every town in Britain.

The boy would also be wise to get in touch with the nearest regional secretary of the National Joint Council for the Building Industry, to learn conditions of apprenticeship. In each region there is a secretary for the employers and another for the operatives. These officials will supply details of wages and conditions in any particular branch of the industry.

Vernon Bartlett, M.P., Mr. Justice Birkett and Air Chief-Marshal Lord Dowding are among famous speakers who have found their way to a tenement in Kentish Town

These Youngsters Helped Themselves

On a country holiday some enterprising people decided they were tired of living alone in lodging houses

by MARK PRIESTLEY

A GROUP OF YOUNG people wanted to get at the truth about Russia . . . so they invited the Dean of Canterbury to come to their home and talk about Christianity and Communism.

It led to a heated argument on Right Wing politics. Next month a famous M.P. dropped in after supper to put the case for the Tories.

Then they wanted first-hand news of the advanced social legislation in New Zealand. After all this, you won't be surprised to hear that the High Commissioner turned up in person to face a barrage of questions.

No Restrictions

Who are these well-informed youngsters? They live on the fringe of the slums . . . in the shadow of a gaol.

They're just the twenty-two residents of a converted tenement in Kentish Town. They call it Youth House.

When they first took it over, partitioned its rooms, gave it a fresh coat of paint, even fresh flooring, it was the first communal club of its kind. Now imitations are springing up by the score throughout Britain.

What is important about Anne Williams and Stan Macdonald and all the other Youth House organisers, in fact, is that they're pioneers in a spearhead movement that may change many lives.

Perhaps it's going to end the appalling loneliness of old-fashioned "digs" and lodgings. It's goodbye to the solitary misery of ten thousand bed-sitting-rooms.

I discovered Youth House almost by chance. A friend happened to take me along one Monday evening when they were holding open house. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

A boyish medical student served me with salad. A young school teacher smilingly brought me coffee. Then two nineteen-year-old London 'varsity graduates rolled up their sleeves at the kitchen sink. It was their dish-washing rota!

Afterwards, in the crowded common-room, four M.P.s headed a Parliamentary Brains Trust. It soon became a general discussion—and then the young folk wound up the evening with a dance.

I looked at the fixtures list—a full programme most evenings of discussions, play-readings, music, gramophone recitals, table tennis, dancing, with country walks and theatre visits thrown in!

What price this sociable fun against the bad old boarding-house régime of silent solitude and grim restrictions?

Well, that's why Youth House began. A group of young people who had met on a walking holiday vowed not to go back to the loneliness of digs. for long.

At first they called themselves "The Guild of the Citizens of To-morrow." Impossible to guess from such a resounding title that they met in just one room and had no funds.

When they at last raised enough money to take over the double-fronted house in North London, they promptly formed a limited company. And Youth House, Ltd., has always paid its way.

They opened another house in the country. Used at first as a hostel for fugitives from Occupied Europe, it is now increasingly a week-end and holiday hotel.

New Order at Home

In addition, there are lightweight camps—food provided and work pooled—rambles and visits to youth hostels.

After the war they mean to organise a special August hostel with room for thousands of students and parties of young people from overseas. For Youth House extends a hand to the youth groups of all nations.

As one member told me, "We believe that a new order is less likely to begin in Washington or Moscow than right at home on the right side of one's own doorstep."

And the secretary gave me a booklet just to make sure I got the principle straight. "Conducted on communal and co-operative lines," it says. "Within the constitution the community governs itself. Thus members have the opportunity to reconcile individual freedom with life in a community. . . ."

It sounds, indeed, like a new deal for democracy—and every "Y.H." resident lives up to his or her ideals.

Too Old at Thirty

Many old residents are in the Services. Those there to-day are working hard at self-sacrificing social service jobs.

Some are in charge of delinquent children. One girl of only nineteen runs an old folks' home single-handed. Another youngster, Geoff Dando, has just left on a European relief job.

Now do you wonder if, all through the flying bomb season, celebrities such as Mr. Justice Birkett, Vernon Bartlett and Air Chief-Marshal Lord Dowding went out of their way to give "Y.H." talks?

No kudos, scant publicity—but the response of an immensely satisfying audience!

"This isn't a place," Stan Macdonald told me, "for people with one-track minds, or those who value class distinctions and are afraid of soiling their hands. . . ."

Every resident promises to undertake at least two hours' work a week for the House—washing-up or cleaning, cooking or serving meals. It's surprising how "many hands make light work."

The Y.H. garden is one of the best-kept for streets around. The windows shine. Every fortnight or so the residents attend a meeting to discuss the running of their house and suggest improvements. "It's not that we want to make things easy for ourselves," one girl told me. "It's that we want to make life better for others."

Thousands of young people throughout the country, in fact, are trying out this communal living experiment. I know a group of married couples who have rented a mansion that belonged to a famous peer. Estate agents found that its size made it a drug on the market.

It was too big for any family—but it has plenty of room for a lot of families, sharing expenses.

There's just one snag in the original Youth House plan. Members have to resign when they're thirty.

I'd like to see the idea spread to all ages. It's just one of the ebullient, exciting youth ideas that older people might copy!

"Yus, mate, they makes top 'ole fire buckets, now as winter's comin' on"

Wisdom

In excited times, a politician needs no power of reasoning, no appreciation of impersonal facts, and no shred of wisdom. What he must have is the capacity to persuade the multitude that what they passionately desire is attainable, and that he, through his ruthless determination, is the man to attain it.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

"We ourselves cannot live in prosperity and security in our own country while people in other countries are suffering want and being driven to despair by economic hardship."—MR. CORDELL HULL.

"My son, in the R.A.F., has written to us from overseas to say that he has fallen really in love with a French girl. They have waited six months so as to be quite sure before telling us. My son is twenty-one and went into the Air Force straight from school—we haven't seen him for two and a half years.

"My husband has taken the news very badly. The girl comes from a well-to-do and highly respected family, whereas we are just ordinary folk and could not help them much financially. There is also the religious difficulty—she is Roman Catholic, he is Church of England. I only want his happiness and I believe I *could* influence him—do you think I *should*?

HUMANIST replies: From parts of your letter not published here, your son seems not only a charming, well-balanced lad, but experienced enough now to know what he is doing. I realise that his father is upset, but perhaps when he meets the girl he also will fall for her charms! French children are usually well brought up, home-loving, good mothers, and have cheerful, happy temperaments. Regarding the girl's religion, this probably comes as naturally to her as anything else and she would not worry your son with rules and arguments, although a certain amount of consent would have to be made regarding any children of the marriage. Trust your son and continue to love him unselfishly. It is their lives and their happiness—you had yours years ago!

"OUR DAUGHTER, aged thirteen and a half, is attending a high school, and my husband wants her to remain at school until she is sixteen. She doesn't like the idea at all. She looks much older than her real age, and she thinks it is silly to go on being a schoolgirl. She thinks she should leave school at fourteen and start work."

HUMANIST replies: I can understand that your daughter feels self-conscious about being a schoolgirl as she is old for her years, but she should realise how fortunate she is in having parents who can afford to let her stay at school and finish her education properly. I think the best thing will be to get her to decide on some definite career and then encourage her to stay at school for the extra two years to work towards it. She will not then feel that she is wasting her time because she will be preparing herself for her future work. I feel sure that, when she is older, she will thank you and her father for being firm and not allowing her to scamp her education.

"IT MAY SOUND CALLOUS of me, but the plain fact is that I dread the day when my husband is demobilised and returns home. The reason is that, since he has been away in the Forces, I have realised how much I like being alone. I used to have treatment for nervous troubles, but since my husband left I can honestly say I have never had to visit a doctor.

"Don't misunderstand my attitude to my husband. I have more affection for him than for any other man. I write to him every day because I know it cheers him up and I sometimes send him money. Yet I am happy alone and would rather he stayed away."

HUMANIST answers: I believe the whole trouble is due to selfishness on your part. You like being by yourself because you like yourself too much! I hope that when your husband returns, you will see things in a less self-centred light.

Remember, too, that people who insist on being continually alone sometimes end their lives entirely without friends. Think it out and make up your mind to be pleasant and companionable when your husband returns. There is no need for you to be in each other's way all the time. He will probably be out at work all day, and if you love him, as you say you do, you will be glad to see him again when the evening comes round.

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

LET HIM RUN HIS OWN LIFE

Humanist discusses the benefits of an Anglo-French marriage and cautions a wife against her wish to be left on her own

London Living Allowance

H. Y., Chesterfield: If you left London after June 13 you should continue to receive the London allowance of 3s. 6d. during your absence, provided that you are still paying rent for your accommodation in London and have not sub-let it. Write to the Regimental Paymaster.

R. T., Sheffield: Soldiers up to the rank of sergeant may obtain free legal aid in civil problems, including divorce. You should apply to your Commanding Officer, who will put you in touch with the nearest Legal Advice Bureau. You will have to sign a form saying that you cannot afford to employ a solicitor. Should you have to visit a Bureau for an interview you must pay your own travelling expenses.

A. W., Idle: Until a member of the W.R.N.S. has attained the age of twenty-one it is necessary for her to get her parents' signed permission to proceed overseas. After she has reached that age, she can be directed to overseas service.

A. R., Exeter: When your husband qualifies for a contributory old age pension at the age of sixty-five you will qualify at the same time in right of his insurance as you are over the age of sixty. The amount of money you have in the bank will not affect the position.

M. W., Londonderry: There is no trouble in investing your money in National Savings Certificates. All you have to do is to withdraw it from the Post Office and purchase the certificates in the usual way.

C. W., Blackpool: A soldier is only required to pay for loss of kit if he has been found guilty of a charge laid under Section 24 (2) of the Army Act (losing his kit by neglect), either by a court-martial, or by his commanding officer dealing summarily with the charge. In the latter case the soldier has the right to elect trial by court-martial.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 98, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped addressed envelope, please.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants are helped by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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£10: A. Woodsford, 43, Redhill Drive, Bournemouth. If I Were Missed—I'd Score Life's "Bull's-eye."

£5: Miss E. J. Preston, 4, Westgate, Meltham, Huddersfield. To Rebuild Britain — "Step Up" Those "Ladders"!

£4: J. Weston, 6, Cuthbert's Road, Barlestone, Nr. Nuneaton. In Liberty's Army—*Ranks* Keep "Reviewing" *Leaders*.

£3: S. Curtis, 6, Lathkil Grove, Buxton, Derbyshire. Glorious Muddle—Britain—Still, Glorious Model!

£2: T. D. Hardee, 6, Portland Street, Newport, Mon. Man With A Plan—Or Planet Without Man?

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 25 winners of 10s. and 50 of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

XWORD TRY for John Bull's £50 Xword First—£25 Radio Bonus for outright winner and up to 100 Xmas Cakes for Runners-up. Entry (plain paper) consists of completing 14 words below, inserting one letter only, to answer Clues.

1. This tells you something about the state of the weather—GA□E. 2. Civilians are amazed at cheerfulness of wounded in—WAR□. 3. Shaving off this is usually regular—B□ARD. 4. Water diviner's is probably affected when he finds water—ST□CK. 5. Beautiful girl may make plainer companion this—□OIL. 6. Most people prefer a quiet one—BA□. 7. Undesired ones blow in many a private garden—DAI□IES. 8. Most people would like advice before attempting to throw one—B□LL. 9. If it grows, there are cases when it leads to scrapping—EAR. 10. Many a man specially cherishes old one—PO□T. 11. Are sometimes unworthy of the handles they get—KN□VES. 12. A man may well miss big haul because of this—□ET. 13. War has resigned most people to walking about in this—DAR□. 14. Crack troops will make enemy pay dearly for such an attack—R□SH.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules. Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for November 25 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, November 13. Address: Xword 404, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

YET another £250 First for *Bullets* this week—but there's another big attraction as well!

For those who just miss the cheques this week, there are 100 delicious 4 lb. Christmas Cakes which *John Bull* will despatch in good time for his nation-wide Christmas Party on December 25.

Enjoy a half-hour this evening, making up some *Bullets* for your £250 coupon below.

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

TO make up a prize *Bullet*, simply add 2, 3 or 4 WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*.

Anybody who is not afraid to think for a few minutes can make a *Bullet*. And a thought of yours, hit upon in the next few minutes or in a quiet half-hour this evening, can well bring you that £250 Joy Wire on Friday, November 24.

Study this week's chief winners in column adjoining—then build a prize *Bullet* for yourself!

EXAMPLES	
RACE FOR SUPREMACY BETWEEN THE NATIONS	GETTING TO WORK
PRICE OF PEACE	POOR FISH
DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE	IN EASY STREET
CRIME DOESN'T PAY, SO	A BAD LOOK-OUT
SOUND FINANCE	MARRIED WOMAN
OUR ENEMIES	NOT READY YET
MAN OF WEALTH	IT'S EASY TO TALK, BUT
NOT SUCCEEDING	ON BOTH SIDES
LEAK IN THE ROOF	THINKING ABOUT
DISGRACEFUL	CHRISTMAS

If using any incomplete Example below, simply fill in ONE word of your choice where dotted line occurs. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

CHANGE FOR THE .....
TO GET MORE .....
MONUMENT TO .....
NICE FOR.....
NEVER A .....
EXPLAINED THE .....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 25. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

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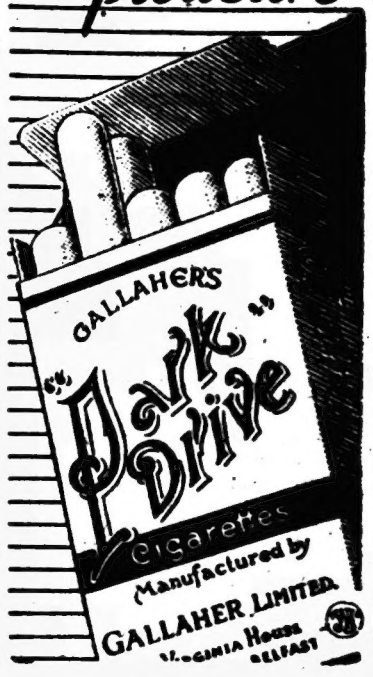

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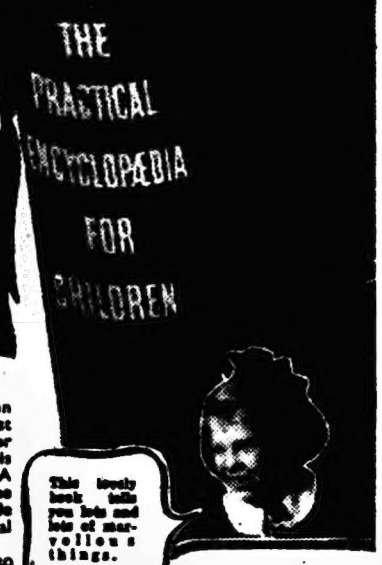

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